SONGS,

BY J. GUY.

CONSISTING OF

POLITICAL,	PASTORAL,
CONVIVIAL,	SATIRICAL, and
SENTIMENTAL,	MASONIC,

None of which have ever before been presented to the Public, excepting two, which the Author wrote for VAUXHALL, and were sung by Mrs. MARTYR and Mr. INCLEDON.

SOLD BY

H. D. SYMMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall*, 1797.]

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SUBSCRIBERS.

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Bye, George
Brown, Thomas
Bowles, Mr.
Briant, Thomas
Buckley, William
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Couſins, Mr.
Carter, John
Chamberlain, Mr.
Clark, Mr.
Coles, Henry
Coleman, Jeremiah
Drummond, Samuel
Dale, William
Davey, Thomas
Duncalf, G. A.
Eible, Mr.
Fox, Rt. Hon. C. J.
Fenton, Mr.
Gammon, Mr.
Gardner, Richard
Grace, Edward
Germain, William
Gordwin, Rob. Eſq. 3 books
Griffith, James
Halſted, John, Eſq.
Halſted, Charles
Halſted, Thomas
Hamilton, Francis
Hopkins, John
Howell, Richard, 7 books
Hill, Thomas
Hook, Mr.
Handcock, Thos. 3 books
James, William
Johnſon, Alexander
Knight, Jaſper
Kent, Thomas
Lamb, Robert
Lech, Robert
Lock, Thomas

Lyon, Mr.
Murcott, John
Mecko, Samuel
Moor, Mr.
Mosely, Henry
Mountain, Butler
Nichols, William
Peake, Mr.
Robinson, William
Round, Joseph
Rhoades, William
Rose, William
Robson, Thomas
Stevens, Joseph
Sturgess, Joshua
Swain, John
Strutton, George
Simson, John
Thornton, Mr.
Tims, R.
Thompson, H.
Towers, Robert
Thew, Mr.
Trippas, William, 12 books
Treby, John
Waight, Jonas
Wild, Thomas
Wheeble, John
Webb, Thomas
Walton, Mr.
Waterhouse, Mr.
Wright, Francis
Wheeler, Mr.
Young, Thomas

SONGS, &c.

SONG.

WHEN firſt I turn'd a Poet,
My heart was full of glee;
I begg'd my thoughts from men and books,
Who begged before like me.
And a begging we will go, &c.

The next thing that I practic'd,
Was preaching in the fields,
Where Methodiſts, with open fiſts,
Collected at my heels.
And a begging, &c.

From that I turn'd a Fidler,
And never felt a qualm;
So begg'd and ſang, play'd any thing,
Except it was a pſalm.
And a begging, &c.

But now I'm turn'd a Gipſey,
To fleece by Fortune's art,
Who's law it is, on ſtraw to kiſs,
Nor care a ſingle f—t.
And a begging, &c.

I then turn'd honeſt Cobler,
And begg'd within my ſtall:
So pegg'd away both night and day,
Until I loſt my awl.
And a begging, &c.

I next commenc'd Attorney,
So begg'd, you may depend on't;
A rule (our laws) to buff the cauſe,
Fleece Plaintiff and Defendant.
And a begging, &c.

From the Lawyer to the Soldier,
I turned quite about:
But when I found a peace on ground,
I begg'd for to ſell out.
And a begging, &c.

So that I might turn Courtier,
And ſmile with double face,
To flatter all his Lordſhip's call,
Whom begging doth diſgrace.
And a begging, &c.

From the Palace to the Cottage
All Beggars are become;
And he's the Prince of Beggars,
Who begs from all a ſum.
And a begging, &c.

Then Beggars pray be merry,
Let's drink about with glee.
Here's to thee, brother Beggar,
Likewiſe to thee and thee.
And a begging, &c.

We'll now conclude in bumpers,
Succeſs attend the *Thing*,
Who begs from all, both great and ſmall,
For he's the *Beggars' King*.
And a begging, &c.

SONG.

DANS VOTRE LIT! that fond retreat,
Where warmeſt fancies rove!
Yet paſſions check'd by thoughts diſcreet,
Dims the ideal grove:
The teeming mind ſo pregnant grown,
Birth's nought ſave love of thee,
Thus ſtretch'd at eaſe, and careleſs thrown,
Dans votre lit!

The flames! the tortures! I endure,
Lay ſmother'd in this breaſt;
But ſleeping Mira cannot cure
A ſlave by love depreſt.

Oh! then awake to hear a ſwain,
Now gazing upon thee,
Confeſs that fix'd is every pain
Dans votre lit!

Then Mira, while you careleſs ſleep,
In beauties charms array'd,
Let ſofteſt dreams ſenſations keep,
And Love your heart invade;
So ſhall exchange leave pureſt thought,
Unblemiſh'd ſtill by me,
Nor ſhall diſhonour e'er be brought,
Dans votre lit!

SONG.

NOW nights advanc'd, the Morn appears,
And Day-light uſhers in apace;
The hounds are out to charm our ears,
And call each Sportſman to the chace.
Diana takes the field to day,
Where all her ſporting charmers fly,
To mount their ſteeds, and ride away;
Hark forward, to the jovial cry.

The ſcent is ſtrong, the Huntſman cries;
I hear them rally through the wood,
A burſt re-echoes through the ſky—
Old Bumper leads—I'm ſure 'tis good.
To follow the high-mettled pack,
Each Huntſman and each Huntreſs fly
Through thick and thin, with whip and ſmack,
Hark forward, to the jovial cry.

Then who would quit a ſport like this,
Which health and vigour do unite,
Its charms are charms no fair will miſs,
But to their arms freſh love invite.
Round Reynard's death are ſhouts of bliſs,
Which none but ſportſmen can deſcry,
Whom Goddeſſes may freely kiſs:
Hark forward, to the jovial cry.

SONG.

THE MODES OF THE COURT, A PARODY.

THE Girls of the Town ſo common are grown,
That a found piece is rare to be met:
To kiſs without intereſt, faith there are none,
But common to all for what they can get.

'Tie

'Tis true you'll find some one so kind,
Who'll give you a ——, her own passions to ease.
But if that's not the case, you'll be damn'd to your face,
If you think without money you ever can please.

Therefore, my dear friend, prithee take my advice,
And let them alone if you mean to fare well;
For I took but a ——, and I found in a trice,
That a maid, as I thought, was as hot as all hell;
For without p—x, or itch, or c—b—s round her breach,
With a breath that's more fœtid than fevers in jail,
There's none to be had: but if you are mad,
—— the first that you meet, and she'll f—e your t—l.

SONG.

AN OLD MAID'S PETITION TO DIANA.

GODDESS of the silver bow,
To a Maid's petition bend,
From your service let her go,
And a manumitius send.

Like dead leaves upon a stalk,
The rose of youth hath left its bloom,
Which to mend, an idle talk,
Is left her moments to consume.

Methinks

Methinks, dear Goddeſs, it is hard,
For one who long hath ſerv'd you well,
To be from Hymen's rights debarr'd,
And doom'd to lead foul apes in hell.

Then ſince that life is but a ſpan,
Which fleeting time will quickly waſte,
I wiſh you would with mortal man,
My little reſidue have plac'd.

Then Goddeſs of the ſilver bow,
In pity her condition hear,
And give thy votareſs to know,
What bliſs is left for fifty-two.

SONG.

THE methodiſts cant is a farce,
Devis'd by the preachers for gain,
A ſcourge for each ignorant aſs,
To put him in terror and pain;
They rant, they blaſpheme, ſigh and moan,
And then thump the cuſhion about,
At which all the hypocrites groan,
Like an Alderman when in the gout.

Rotundo's, like Huntingdon's, Hill's,
Are daily fill'd up with this claſs,
Who follow Duplicity's will,
More rigid than Catholic's maſs.
Was Ignorance thoroughly drunk,
And Folly to lead him aſtray,
Their diſcourſe, if confined to a punk,
Bears ſtill a more eloquent ſway.
You dunderpate rabble! who wink,
And follow the Whitfilite plan,
At once change your method and think,
Nor longer be gull'd by the clan.
Vile deception's the root of the heart,
On your purſe is the driſt of their aim;
For religion they care not a f—t,
Tho' charity ſtill is their theme.

They tell you 'tis all hubble bubble,
That's preach'd both in church or at maſs;
All ſects but their own ever ſtumble,
'Cauſe their's is a different claſs!
But let them beware of ill thought,
Leaſt conſcience ſhould ſcrape to the bone;
For he that's without any fault,
Is entitled to caſt the firſt ſtone.
To keep you ſtill true to their lex,
All ſtudy they deem as a libel,
'Tis your minds that they wiſh to perplex,
Or why confine all to the Bible?

Both

Both high church and low they deſpiſe,
Morality's kick'd out of door;
This doctrine ſo wonderous wiſe,
Is more ſubtle than Babylon's whore!
The jeſuits oft play'd a trick,
And thought that their ſchemes were compleat,
But old Scratch came juſt in the nick,
And prov'd them a lump of deceit:
Such are thoſe who in prime or grey hairs,
That diſgraces the roſtrum with ſtuff;
For he that turns wheat into tares,
The devil will certainly buff!

A CATCH.

THE LOVER.

OH! for a ſoft and a balmy lip,
Ambroſial nectar there to ſip,
Waſte the dull day and pleaſing night,
In extacy's refin'd delight.

THE TOPER.

Give me a large capacious bowl,
Wherein to lave my thirſty ſoul,
That I may bathe in joys divine,
And quaff unquench'd the roſy wine.

THE MISER.

Plutus alone on me beſtow,
That wealth ſo crav'd by all below,
That I like Midas may enfold,
Unbounded bliſs in maſſy gold.

SONG.

FLUSH'D with youthful roſy health,
Richer far than richeſt wealth,
Lovely Sylvia late was ſeen,
Merrily tripping it over the green.

Soon as her lover, Dæmon, ſpy'd
Her ſteps, he ſtopp'd, and to her cry'd,
Charming Sylvia hear my ſong,
To thee my fair the ſtrains belong.

Sweet nymph attend the ſhepherd's tale,
And let his fondeſt love prevail;
Reward a flame ſincere and true,
For Sylvia ſee, yon ſane's in view.

Mild, as when ſoft zephyrs blow,
Her fragrant breathing whiſper'd no,
But Dæmon's vows obtain'd conſent,
So ſtrait to church with him ſhe went.

THE

THE UNION.

TO rail at the King,
Is a mighty fine thing,
And patriots they call it true freedom;
Tho' like Judas-tongued B—r—k,
That lying-fac'd Turk,
They'll roar no more after you feed 'em.

'Tis true, Maſter P—t,
In his obſtinate fit,
Still ſwears that Auguſtus is glorious;
That our army and fleet,
Like the Grecians, defeat
Our foes, if behind or before us.

Thus are in extremes,
With high-ſounding names,
Each party reſembles a riddle;
But lop off their joints,
You'll gain all your points,
For the truth lies conceal'd in the middle.

Let his country's true friend,
This maxim attend,
To eſtabliſh our national glory;
Draw corks and unite,
Then our ſwords draw and fight,
And accurs'd be each Whig and each Tory.

Then prithee, Monſieur,
No longer ſtay here,
Alons diſtance to ogle our ladies;
And ye, my dear Dons,
Learn wiſdom for once,
Go home, looſe your padlocks at Cadiz.

To guard Britain's fair,
Oaks unnumber'd here are,
Sufficient to plant a whole nation;
And as for our ſiſter,
Did not Paddy kiſs her?
A great while before the creation.

Her ſons ſoon appear'd,
Each in back, limb and beard,
As ſtout as her daughters are fair, Sir;
So, if thither you attack,
You'll be glad to come back,
By J—s, before you get there, Sir.

Or, if 'mongſt thoſe iſles,
Through leagues, mountains, and miles,
Eccentrical ſchemes you are hatching,
Beware of the lads,
With ſarahra broad blades,
For they're damnably given to ſcratching.

On each wide-ſpreading heath,
You'll encounter ſome death,
In the ſhape of a Caledon Baron;
Whoſe ſword ſhall bring down,
To your toes from your crown,
Your brain, like the oil on old Aaron.

Our foes ſhan't we drub, Jack,
Cries every good ſubject,
And ope flies the purſe of the Commons;
While the King of the Tritons,
Kind parent of Britains,
Illuſtrious George gives the ſummons.

See our Sovereign array'd!
Who the devil's afraid!
See our Queen how ſhe ſmiles approbation;
To fear he's a ſtranger,
Nor dreams ſhe of danger,
Entrench'd in the hearts of the nation.

With a health to the fair,
Whoſe badges we wear,
O'er a ſirloin lets finiſh our ballad;
Potatoes aſſiſt,
While leeks give a zeſt,
And a thiſtle's the crown of the ſallad.

SONG.

'TIS the General's ſort to gain honours from war,
That Princes may crown their victorious name;
No conqueſt I envy, while I but fight for
The ruby-ſoiled kingdom of fable-crown'd fame.

Let courtiers at Court in their notions agree,
Enriching themſelves by deſpotic diſhonour;
More pleaſure I'm ſure will accrue unto me,
Tho' victor'd at laſt, when triumphant upon her!

Old Adam the firſt who began procreation,
With knowledge aſſumed in the ſcience of bliſs;
In exerting his ſkill to enliven the nation,
Was ſwamp'd in the gulf from a rapturous kiſs.

Thus foil'd in deluge which paſs'd comprehenſion,
And forc'd to retreat tho' ſo wonderous faint;
Till recovering his ſtrength, he thought an invention,
So ruſhed in the center, and ballanced the point.

The grave learned Doctor, who's ſearching in books,
To fathom the depth both of Latin and Greek,
Is not ſo experienced in ſpite of his looks,
As the Baron who's creſt was obtain'd from a *ſhriek*.

The ſage-plodding Judge deeply ſkill'd in the law,
Will ne'er be content, tho' ſo great are his fees;
If once in this land he ſhould find out a flaw,
He'll look like a Biſhop in ſtudent's degrees.

The

The ſight of this ſpot makes the Magiſtrate ſmile,
And deny his profeſſion 'tis clear by his look;
Nor himſelf will he ſpare, tho' his heart he begnile,
To touch but the margin of this little brook!

This kingdom's the magnet of youth and of age,
The ſeat of attraction for freedom and ſhame;
And he that's a daſtard, or fears to engage,
Let her advocates brand him with Dry-Butter's name!

L—D G—R—E G—R—D—N.

WHEN firſt to London Sawney came,
Replete with education;
Deſcended from a noble race,
As any in the nation:
He in the Senate took his place,
No one more blithe or clever;
Till, by miſconduct and diſgrace,
He got expell'd for ever.

The Papal Bill was firſt the cauſe,
That put him in a fury;
Fanatic-like he tore about,
In ſpite of Judge or Jury;
Till by degrees he found a groupe,
To ſign his proteſtation,
Which prov'd to be no other uſe,
Than trouble and vexation.

How

When first this mob began to rise,
On record is for ever;
What mischiefs done, how lives were lost,
'Bout Pope and the Pretender,
For which poor Sawney soon was nabb'd,
And lugg'd away to limbo:
Then criminally he was try'd,
And very like to swing too.

His honour to retrieve he tries,
By scribbling of libels;
Eccentric-like, he there mistook,
For satyrs are not Bibles.
He's not like Wilkes of fertile thought,
'Tis clear by what is written,
Nor ever was there to be found,
His like in a North Britain.

This last decree upon the cause,
So recently transpired,
Has roused him from that nauceous bog,
In which he was bemir'd;
Determined never more to make,
With Queens, or section fences,
(Since now confin'd from public view)
Till shame retrieves his senses.

THE

THE TIMES.

SONG.

THE pride of this age is a bubble,
  Which all men of reaſon agree in:
What's ſought for gives nothing but trouble,
  If gain'd, 'tis a palpable ruin!
Ridiculous fancy's at ſtriſe
  About nonſenſe, the pride of their drift;
And he that takes faſhion for wife,
  Will find himſelf put to the ſhift.

The Maſculine ſhape's grown ſo ſlender,
  It fits but the box, or the pew;
So much like the Neutral gender,
  The women declare it is true:
Their faces are palid with paint;
  Their heads are wrap'd up in perfumes;
They move like Automotan ſaints,
  Or culprits, when Juſtice aſſumes.

The Ladies reverſing this cauſe,
  Have mounted a ſhield of bum-baſt:
Their boſoms defend they with gauze,
  That ſieges may hold to the laſt.
Their ſides are ſupported by cork,
  Their heads are defended with wool:
In gait they reſemble a Stork,
  And reaſons to frighten a Bull!

The drama, to draw a concluſion,
Exhibits its trifling lays;
Solid ſenſe is the root of confuſion,
And folly's ſupported by praiſe.
Was Shakeſpear, Ben Johnſon, or Dryden,
Acquainted how terribly ſad,
Is hackney'd, what they took a pride in,
'Twould make them eternally mad.

TRADING J—S—T—ES!

Tune—"*Ye Warwickſhire lads and ye laſſes.*"

OF all that is baſe in this nation,
The Quorum diſgrac'd occupation,
Is the worſt of all trades, that I tell you in brief,
For the theif of all thieves is a Magiſtrate theif.
Magiſtrate thief, I tell you in brief,
That the thief of all thieves is a Magiſtrate thief.

There is A. and colleagues of Bow-ſtreet,
Conjunctively fleece all they meet;
Whether right, or if wrong, do but come down the bit,
And the greateſt of rogues they will ſurely acquit.
Surely acquit, come down with the bit,
And the greateſt of rogues they will ſurely acquit.

In Margate-ſtreet and Clerkenwell,
Where lots of theſe juſt mongers dwell,
Who deal in wholeſale—a ſhame to our laws!
That the ſtrength of a bribe ſhould determine a cauſe.
Determine a cauſe, ſhame to our laws,
That the ſtrength of a bribe ſhould determine a cauſe.

At Weſtminſter and near the Tower,
Are more who uſurp in this power,
Who'll grant you a ſummons, receive informations,
Go ſnacks in the fine, ſo they pocket vexations.
Pocket vexations, receive informations,
Go ſnacks in the fine, ſo they pocket vexations!

To conclude, I muſt peep in the Borough,
Where vice is ſo keenly look'd thorough;
That in having a man, who no harm done before,
They'll prove by his looks he has crimes by the ſcore.
Crimes by the ſcore, tho' no harm done before,
They'll prove by his looks he has crimes by the ſcore.

SONG.

FAIN would I find out a fair one that's true,
That we might live ſondly together;
But women are falſe, and faith there's but few,
But's as fickle in mind as the weather.

For her I ſuſpect who much zeal do pretend,
And will not our frailties connive at;
Her looks and her words are both fram'd to one end,
While ſome underhand cheating ſhe drives at.

She that ſtill laughs in tune, and ſmiles in my face,
And appears ever courteous and civil;
If I truſt her but once, I ſhall find her as baſe,
As a mothodiſt prieſt or a devil.

The girl of a niggardly ſoul I deſpiſe,
Her avarice makes her ſo ſlaviſh;
For ſhe that her wealth more than honour doth prize,
Will not only be ſordid but knaviſh.

She that quickly grows rich from a beggarly life,
Is not fit for my converſation;
For ſhe's proud as a knight-made citizen's wife,
Or the chief of a new corporation.

But ſhe that is generous, prudent, and wiſe,
Above meanneſs, with pleaſure in pleaſing;
I ſhall ever eſteem, nay extol to the ſkies,
And revere with loves flame never ceaſing.

A GLEE.

GIVE me women, give me wine
Alike to both, mankind incline;
Women gives what men require,
Wine to love, adds double fire.
For both ſoft ſentiments entwine,
Give me women, give me wine.

The eye, the tongue, the air, the grace,
Which decorates each fair one's face;
Doth the manly ſoul inſpire,
And fills each thought with amorous fire.
Then ſince to both mens minds incline,
Give me women, give me wine.

'Tis wine alone gives hoary age
The power of youth to love engage,
At which the fair will ne'er repine,
But hail the ſparkling juice divine.
Then ſince for us theſe joys combine,
Give me women, give me wine.

SONG.

THE ſable-clad curtain's undrawn,
The lark ſweetly carols on high;
Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
See the ſun-beams are gilding the ſky:

While

While the huntſman he throws off the hounds,
The horn winds a tedious delay;
And the heart of each ſportſman elated rebounds,
In expecting the ſummons for hark, hark away.

Hark! a burſt gives the ſignal for chace;
Through the woodlands we daſhing purſue,
While the fox, fleet as wind, mends his pace,
Till the huntſman proclaims him in view.
Now his ſtrength and his cunning's amort,
See in triumph the dogs ſeize their prey,
While the death of the game gives freſh life to the ſport,
The echo's re-echo with hark, hark away.

Now for liberty hall we repair,
To repleniſh the joys of the field;
Where good humour combines with the fare,
And the wife ſmiles obedience to yield:
While the bottle and bowl do unite,
To vie with the ſports of the day;
Let bumpers go round to the ſportſmens' delight,
And the feſtival toaſt crown with hark, hark away.

PARODY ON THE PLOUGH BOY.

WHEN firſt I was poſſeſs'd of
Eſtates and wealth in ſtore,
Dame Fortune's youngeſt daughter,
Made me proffers o'er and o'er;

Her

Her charms I ne'er could notice,
Tho' kindneſs 'twas ſhe meant,
But like a conſtant rover,
On variety was bent.
So fickle was my fancy,
I chang'd from week to week,
Until I met Miſs Fortune,
And kiſs'd the ſyren's cheek.

Through the jade I'm now dependant,
And wait on wealth in power,
Who for my recent follies,
Do but ſcoff me by the hour:
My comrades too, and citizens,
I try both night and day,
But in ſpight of all attention
They ſneer, and turn away.
So fickle was my fancy,
I chang'd from week to week;
Until I met Induſtry.
And kiſs'd her blooming cheek.

Since Commerce, which I ſcorn'd,
With ſhame and empty pride,
So clearly ſhew'd her kindneſs,
'Twas eaſy to decide;
So I became a benedict,
To traffic am reſign'd,
And by her kind aſſiſtance,
Am no longer proud or blind.

So adieu to fickle fancy,
No more from week to week,
I'll quit my fair Induſtry,
But kiſs her blooming cheek.

STONE IN BEDLAM.

HOW ſweet to taſte the breath of morn!
Sweet to hear the cooing dove;
Sweet to ſmell the may-clad thorn,
But ſweeter far is conſtant love.

'Tis that can ſooth the troubl'd breaſt,
Make mild the madden'd mind;
By that *diapaſon* expreſs'd,
Senſations are refin'd.

This cheerleſs all, theſe chains I wear,
By patience loſe their weight;
Since love, like mine, is doom'd to bear
Eliza's heavier *hate*.

A wreath of roſes I'll entwine,
To deck her peerleſs brows,
And lily thoughts ſhall there combine;
To ratify my vows.

Ah!

Ah! would—but hold audacious youth,
Nor longer idly rave,
But let thy ſongs compos'd of truth,
Find refuge in the grave.

For ever then, dear charming maid,
For ever then adieu,
But know when life its debt hath paid,
'Twas done for love of you.

SONG.

MY mother juſt read me a lecture on love,
And bid me with caution to ſtray,
For men are grown falſe, and diſſembling rove,
Each credulous fair to betray.
Reluctant I heard her maternal advice,
While duty obliged me to ſtay;
When finiſh'd, to Colin I flew in a trice,
And inform'd him of all ſhe did ſay.

He careſs'd my fond ardor, and kindly reply'd
Dear Cloe regard not her frown,
Tho' Envy may chatter, and Malice may chide,
My wiſhes but Hymen can crown.

Convinc'd of the truth, from his diction and mind,
Which obſtacles meant to diſprove,
No longer I ſtay'd, ſince my Colin was kind,
But in haſte ſought the banquet of love.

SONG.

AS on the verdant banks I ſtray'd,
Which bounds the ſilver Thames;
Where Nereides from the troubled main,
His gentle current ſtems:
To view the combin'd beauties round,
Where art with nature ſtrove,
To render, in due order's form,
A paradiſe for love.

There in the labyrinth of ſweets,
Young Damon ſteer'd his courſe,
To tell his wonted tales of love,
Soft paſſions fond reſource.
In ſoothing accents gently preſs'd,
He begg'd me to be kind,
Till bluſhing Silence gave conſent,
And ſpoke Affecton's mind.

In deep confuſion thus I ſigh'd,
With cheeks of crimſon hue,
While Damon led me to the ſpot,
My penſive fancy drew;
There in the dawn of future bliſs,
With joy my mind encreas'd,
Till Hymen gave his joint conſent,
And ratified the feaſt.

CATCH.

TOM, thou art a cunning knave,
As I am here a ſinner;
You ſtole the ſpoon at Mother Butt's,
While Filpot was at dinner.
What I!—Aye you!—You lie, 'tis true,
As I'm here a ſinner.

It was not me that ſtole the ſpoon,
While Filpot was at dinner,
But I know who—here ſtands the thief,
Or I'm not here a ſinner.
What me!—Aye you!—You lie, 'tis true,
Or I'm not here a ſinner.

Since I'm accus'd, I'll tell the truth,
Or I'm not here a ſinner,
'Twas you that pocketed the ſpoon,
While Filpot was at dinner.
What me!—Aye, you!—You lie, 'tis true,
As I am here a ſinner.

MISS IN HER TEENS.

NOW free'd from teacher's leſſons,
And governeſſes rules,
And all pedantic queſtions,
Inſtructed in the ſchools;
My mother reads me lectures,
On what I ſhould purſue,
And treats me like a novice,
But I know a thing or two.
I know a thing or two—I know a thing or two;
And treats me like a novice, but I know a thing or two.

At operas and dances,
Ridottos or the play,
Profuſe in richeſt ſplendour,
I paſs my time away;
Where beaus of all deſcriptions,
Surround me to undo,

But

But ſoon I will convince them,
I know a thing or two.
I know a thing or two—I know a thing or two;
But ſoon I will convince them, I know a thing or two.

Thoſe little Jemmy Jeſſamies,
Dear lovers of ſmall talk,
Do but my inclination
Of what I ſigh for baulk;
For, Sirs, to pleaſe my fancy,
And prove my words are true,
I've got a lad within my eye,
Who knows a thing or two.
Who knows a thing or two—who knows a thing or two;
I've got a lad within my eye, who knows a thing or two.

WROTE IN THE YEAR 1788,

DURING THE DISTURBANCES IN HOLLAND.

AS on the banks of Severn ſide,
Britannia ſmiling ſtood;
Its ſilver ſtream with joy ſhe ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd the flood:

Like thine, Time's rolling ſands are fled,
Since ting'd with crimſon gore;
From wounds by rude ambition ſhed,
Around thy ſedgy ſhore.

But

But now thoſe heavy hours are paſt,
Fair Freedom blooms again;
With Heaven's accord it long ſhall laſt,
While Britons rule the main.

She ſaid, when lo! from 'neath a wave,
The beauteous form upſprung;
Who to the Britiſh genius brave,
Harmoniouſly thus ſung:

Hearken, fair Guardian of this Iſle,
No power ſhall thine ſubdue;
Tho' clad with artifice and guile,
While Pitt's belov'd by you.

For you and liberty alike,
His patriot thoughts employ,
Each means to make thy foes to ſtrike,
And all their ſchemes deſtroy.

His voice was heard, his ſword unſheath'd,
His banners were unfurl'd;
And ſteady to his truſt he breath'd,
Defiance round the world.

The noble ardour flaſh'd like flame,
And ev'ry ſoul inſpir'd;
Who dar'd to boaſt a Britain's name,
Or liberty deſir'd.

All great in arms I ſaw them ſtand,
Valour glitter'd on each creſt;
Yet mercy mingling with command,
Stood palpably confeſs'd.

Holland and France in ſtupor gaz'd,
And ſtrait for peace declares;
For when they ſaw thy flags were rais'd,
In haſte they lower'd theirs.

Thus ſhall deceit and proud diſdain,
Be tutor'd to ſubmit;
While George our Sov'reign King ſhall reign,
Or at the helm ſits Pitt.

SONG.

Tune—"*There's a ſweet little Cherub ſits perch'd up aloft.*"

When midnight was paſs'd, and the watch went his round,
To challenge all coming and going;
In a long narrow paſſage he fell to the ground,
O'er a ſcamp in the arms of his blowen.
The guardian of night in a terrible rage,
As he roſe, how he ranted and ſwore,
That the villain ſhould grin through the thieves iron cage
And to limbo he'd ſend his damn'd wh—re.

Why

Why you blubbering thief, cry'd flaſh Jack in reply,
What buſineſs had you to come here;
This place you well knew, ſnug as pigs in a ſtye,
We engag'd for your gin and your beer.
All this will not do, cries the ſwell of the glim,
I'm not to be put to the ſcout;
Then blaſt me, cries Sal, while I've fleſh, blood, or limb,
You joulter I'll well knock about.

So ſhe tipp'd him a go, and his glim-trap ſhe broke,
While Jack null'd the clack of his jigger;
Quoth ſhe, now you'll mind, here the next time I ſ—ke,
How you interfere with your bother.
So Midnight reel'd off with his jaw-broken ſconce,
And Jack with his blowen to booze,
When they cry'd, as they went, Pat, remember for once,
Being bribed, then preventing a ſnooze.

PARODY ON SWAINS I SCORN.

NYMPHS I ſcorn who's cold and coy,
And ſhuns what nature form'd for joy;
Warm and wanton, kind and free,
That's the girl that's made for me.

Slaves to faſhion, ſlaves to dreſs,
Prudes alone themſelves careſs;
Let them without rival be,
They were never form'd for me.

No

No ſquemiſh ſmile, or ſatyr's ſqueak,
Spoil the dimpled blooming cheek;
With nature painted let her be,
That's the girl that's made for me.

While her breath outvies the roſe,
Her locks in careleſs ringlets flows,
In neatneſs ſtrict, from fripp'ry free,
That's the girl that's made for me.

'Tis ſhe whoſe piercing eye can dart,
The ſoft emotion to the heart;
With artleſs ſenſe, in candour free,
That's the girl that's made for me.

If falſe ſhe proves, I'll ſpurn her name,
And turn to ice what burnt with flame;
And ſoon another good as ſhe,
Shall be found the girl for me.

AN OLD SCOTS BALLAD

WITH ALTERATIONS.

NOW Phœbus advances on high,
No footſteps of winter are ſeen;
While birds carol ſweet in the ſky,
The lambkins dance reels on the green.

By woodlands and rivers ſo clear,
Health and pleaſure we've but to review,
How delightful the bloſſoms appear,
Beſpangled with pearl-drops of dew.

See nature in bloom all around,
Serene rolls yon azure-wav'd ſea,
Yet in them is nought to be found,
True perfection, Eliza, like thee:
Thy ſkin the clear fountain excells,
Thy locks doth out-rival the grove,
When zephyrs thoſe pleaſingly ſwell,
Each wave makes a captive to love.

The roſes and lilies combin'd,
Of beauty's moſt delicate hue,
Thy cheeks and fair neck doth outſhine,
Their tinctures are nothing ſo true.
What can we compare to thy voice?
With thoſe accents of humour ſo ſweet?
No muſic can ſooth with ſuch joys!
Surely angels are not ſo complete!

Fair bloſſom of ſocial delight,
Thy beauty do thouſands outſhine,
Your ſweets muſt be laſting and bright,
Being mix'd with the virtues divine.

Ye powers who gave the ſweet charms,
To Eliza your image beſtow,
Oh! keep her from ſhadows of harms,
And her hours make happily flow,

ON A SONG WROTE BY A LADY.

AS a cit of the world,
Viewing fancy's unfurl'd,
Of mankind as well as of manners;
No pleaſure I find,
Gives more joy to my mind,
Than the Muſe under Feminine banners.

Your ſong's ſo complete,
With good ſenſe at the fete,
That I can but admire its lay;
And to hear it in tune,
From December to June,
I ſhould think but the ſpace of a day.

How melodious the note
From the chantreſs's throat,
Whoſe mind's unconfin'd like her theme;
It would age even fire,
With youth's keen deſire,
Or an anchorite ſet in a flame.

Tho' I range at my eaſe,
Come and go as I pleaſe,
Uncontroll'd both by bondage or wife,
Yet gladly I'd yield
Such a fair one the field,
And be happy to barter for life.

SONG.

CUPID, like Time, hath fleeting wings,
And ſhuns old maids who ſlumber,
His bow once view'd with many ſtrings,
Alas! now fails in number!
For men are fickle, faith I find,
And huſbands (deem'd a bubble)
Are not to love, ſo ſottiſh blind,
But gain'd by prudes with trouble.

The coquet oft I've play'd 'tis true,
And thought it mighty clever,
Until grey hairs, to rid from view,
Each day I now endeavour.
The ſprightly youth's my prudiſh airs,
Have loſt through fruitleſs trouble;
Now ſneering paſs, to rouſe my cares,
Which tries my patience double.

The painful thought diſtracts my mind,
When I think of my folly;
And if my ſwain ſhould prove unkind,
I'm doom'd to melancholy.
But if he wiſh me for his bride,
No longer I'll give trouble,
And when the happy knot is tied,
Oh! ſure I'll love him double.

SONG.

I'VE often heard of flames and darts,
And lovers fond intruſions;
Likewiſe how men, by wheedling arts,
In maids cauſe ſtrange confuſions.
I cannot think the reaſon why,
Yet ſure this very minute
There's ſomething tells me Damon's nigh:
I think the deuce is in it.

But what has he with me to do?
I vow 'tis quite amazing,
I'll bid him go, and chide him too,
Should he perſiſt in teazing.

Yet when he's abſent, faith I feel
A ſomethig every minute,
That doth my very ſenſes ſteal;
I think the deuce is in it.

What can this ſtrange effuſion mean?
Why bluſhes are ye pleading?
Is it becauſe we were unſeen
When he declared his meaning?
If it is ſo in lover's laws,
I vow this very minute,
Young Damon ſhall obtain the cauſe:
I thought the deuce was in it.

THE NOVICE.

YOUNG Damon caught me 'tother day,
Secluded in the roſy bow'r,
When, with his fond bewitching tales,
He ſurely kept me full an hour.
I chid him for his wonted ways,
When he declar'd 'twas treaſon
Not to love; I know not how,
But I long to know the reaſon,

Whene'er

Whene'er I wander in the grove,
Or to my groteſque arbour go,
The youth I'm ſure to meet with there,
My mind's retreat he's ſure to know.
His kindneſs bids me nought to fear,
His vows proteſt 'tis treaſon
Not to love; I know not how,
But I long to know the reaſon.

He led me ſuch a round at laſt,
And call'd me novice to his plan;
Until I found his meaning out,
I thought the deuce was in the man.
But ſince the matter is explain'd,
With him I think no treaſon
To love; I now confeſs the flame,
But I muſt not tell the reaſon.

I LONG FOR MORE.

NOW in the bloom of roſy health,
Richer far than richeſt wealth,
By prudence taught, I've learn'd to ſcan,
The flighty wiles of fickle man.

The Beau who ſtruts, the ſage that's grave,
The Libertine profeſs'd my ſlave,
My Lover's liſt contains a ſcore,
Yet all won't do, unleſs I'd More.
Still I long for More—ſtill I ſigh for More;
My Lover's liſt contains a ſcore; yet all won't do unleſs
I'd More.

This two-and-twentieth time I've ſeen,
The Sun revolve each radiant bean,
Diſpel the Winter's miſt away,
And breath'd the fragrant breath of May.
Matur'd by age, and eaſy pleas'd,
Yet by each ſuit my mind is teaz'd,
With nobled Knights, and Squires in ſtore;
Yet all won't do, unleſs I'd More.
Still I long for More—ſtill I ſigh for More;
With nobled Knights, and Squires in ſtore; yet all
won't do unleſs I'd More.

But cenſors, pray for once be kind,
Nor think to Virtue's path's I'm blind;
Although my airs may ſeem too bold,
The riddle here ſhall ſoon unfold.
More is the ſprightly conſtant youth,
On whom I've fix'd my love and truth.
Now blame me if you can, before
You'r ſelf-condemn'd for wanting more.
Still I long for More—ſtill I ſigh for More,
Now blame me if you can before, you're ſelf-condemn'd
for wanting more.

Still

SONG.

UPON the margin of a brook,
Shaded by a weeping willow,
The ſhepherd, Colin, caſt his crook,
And made the moſſy bank his pillow.

Long had love the ſhepherd ſway'd,
Love that flints the downy pillow,
In frowns had deck'd the cruel maid,
And forc'd him to the drooping willow.

Cloe, nor far obſerv'd the boy,
On him her kindeſt thoughts did pillow;
Like light'ning flew with ſecret joy,
And ſooth'd his grief beneath the willow.

By Hymen crown'd with love ſincere,
Their vows on either breaſt now pillow,
And Colin loves his Cloe dear,
For whom he ſigh'd beneath the willow.

SONG.

YE ſhepherds of Arcadean groves;
Ye nymphs of fleecy care,
Have you my lovely Sylvia ſeen?
Oh! tell me! tell me where!

Her cheeks outvie the blooming roſe,
  Her ſkin the lily's hue;
Nor leſſer ſweets her breath diſcloſe,
  Than Flora's morning dew.

Ye Gods propitious be inclin'd,
  My Sylvia to reſtore,
Or teach me where the path to tread,
  Her footſteps trod before,
That I her ſpotleſs form may find,
  To ſhield from future care,
The ſweeteſt maid of nature's form,
  The faireſt of the fair.

SONG.

FROM wintry winds and nipping froſts,
  Succeeds the vernal ſpring;
As time revolves, ſo we repair,
  Our ſummer joys to bring.
With laugh and joke we gayly ſing,
  Blith airs with merry cheer,
While mirth abounds, and muſic ſounds,
  To hail the happy year.

The rural swains with rustic notes,
Salutes each blissful morn,
While lasses to the shepherds pipe,
Dance reels beneath the thorn.
Like us they laugh, they joke, they sing,
Rude songs with merry cheer,
While mirth abounds, and music sounds,
To hail the happy year.

The feather'd tribe from Phœbus's ray,
Sits warbling in the grove,
While silver fishes sport and play,
To testify their love.
By nature taught these jocund sing,
Those skim the mirror clear,
While mirth abounds, and music sounds,
To hail the happy year.

THE JUDICIOUS BACCHANAL.

WHILE the bottle to humour, and social delight,
The smallest assistance can lend,
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend.

Oh! let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers,
That my time may deliciouſly paſs;
And ſhould Care ever think to intrude on my hours,
Scare the haggard away with a glaſs.

But inſtead of a rational feaſt of the ſenſe,
Should diſcord preſide o'er the bowl,
And folly debate, or contention commence,
From too great an expanſion of ſoul;

Should the man I eſteem, or the friend of my breaſt,
In the ivy feel nought but the rod:
Should I make ſweet Religion a profligate jeſt,
Or daringly ſport with my God,

From my lips daſh the poiſon, oh! merciful fate,
Where the madneſs or blaſphemy hung;
And let every accent which virtue ſhould hate,
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my ſight let the curſe be eternally driven,
Where my reaſon ſo fatally ſtray'd;
That no more I may offer an inſult to Heaven,
Or give man a cauſe to upbraid.

L—D J—N T—NS—D's

CANVASSING FOR WESTMINSTER IN THE YEAR, 1788.

YE true ſons of Weſtminſter's ſpirit,
Unbias'd by ſee or reward,
Who's ſignaliz'd zeal is for merit,
If Commoner, Prince, Duke, or Lord!
Exert all your ſtrength for the man,
Whom freedom reſerves for your cauſe,
L—d T—wnſ—nd to take by the hand,
As a branch of true liberty's laws.

Regard not the ſmiles of a Court,
Self-bias'd by party and fiction;
At beſt 'tis but mockery's ſport,
Compar'd to the rules of your diction.
The tight little ſquad of true blues,
Will ever ſtep forward in buff,
To vanquiſh ſuch paltry crews,
They call them mere ſycophant ſtuff.

Then render your aid, brother cits,
Be ſtaunch to your country's friend,
Who to vote no compulſion admits,
But feedom without private end.
While the nation's eclips'd in a gloom,
He boldly puts up with renown,
Corruption to check in its bloom,
Independence with laurels to crown.

Let

Let bribery ſpread where it will,
The fountain we know whence it flows,
For the bribes ever ſure to fulfil
What the bribers wiſh not to diſcloſe.
Then rouſe, by brave boys, with a ſoul
Above meanneſs, or ting'd with diſgrace;
Nor H—d-winked be led forth to poll,
For ſuch as reſign for a place.

The ladies, as firm to a cauſe,
Ever beſt when ſtrong taken in hand,
Enact by a code of their laws,
That none but free members ſhall ſtand.
Thus while you are canvaſſing round,
Every impeding ſtone they'll aſſail;
And if weak by their form they are found,
You may reſt on the ſtrength of their *tails*.

L—D J—N T—NS—ND

RETURNED MEMBER 4th AUGUST, 1788.

Tune—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

YE Weſtminſter lads, who's unbias'd by pelf,
Nor are to be ſhaken by any Court elf,
The merit is due to not ſuff'ring a bribe,
To proffer your ears from the hireling tribe.

'Tis

'Tis the tools of the Court useth acts base and mean,
Whilst freedom and party,
Independently hearty,
Wears the laurels of honor again and again.

The man of your choice is a branch of the cause,
From whence you enacted the code of your laws,
Who stedfast and firm as the hilt to the axe,
Will brandish his steel to bring down the shop tax.
'Tis the tools, &c.

Let H—d and colleagues still declaim what he done,
In serving his country with sword and with gun;
All the blood that he spit from the blows which were hard,
Was betwixt wose and hand-spike in Portsmouth dock-yard.
'Tis the tools, &c.

While electors are staunch to the blue and buff squad,
They'll ne'er be deceiv'd by the Court's servile nod;
Tho' united in friendship, and true to the crown,
Yet they'll ne'er take the helm, but in seas of renown.
'Tis the tools, &c.

As success is proclaim'd in despite of controul,
May Westminster's sons ne'er want bottle or bowl;
Nor the city depriv'd under any pretence,
Of a T—nsh—d and F—x for ten thousand years hence.
'Tis the tools, &c.

SONG

SONG.

NOW in the ſhade of blooming ſpring,
My Nancy takes the grove,
To meditate and ſooth each care,
Attendant on her love;
Who on the briny ocean roles,
Where ſtaves and tempeſts roar,
To drub the foes that dare inſult,
Britannia's happy ſhore.

Her gentle boſom throbbing ſwells,
Her pearly tears deſcend,
With hopes and fears for him ſhe ſighs,
On whom her joys depend:
Not dreaming all our danger's o'er,
And on the watry plain
We're ſteering home, and jovial ſing,
Britannia rules the main.

Why palid grows thy cheeks, my dear,
Thy ſailor ne'er did roam;
'Twas honour call'd him from thy arms,
Love was his pilot home.
While Britain's Fair you kindly prove,
Our daring foes muſt yield;
For fame her ſons with valour crowns,
When Beauty holds the ſhield.

SONG.

YE ſuſty old maids who ſo prudiſhly ſmile,
And boaſt of your virtues together;
You may think as you pleaſe, but I'll never beguile,
My fond paſſion of loving for either.
For Damon is willing, and I am inclin'd,
So Hymen ſhall join us together;
To do the ſame thing, (you may ſneer till you're blind)
But you'd give the laſt doit of your treaſure.

Ye maidens ſo fair, turn'd of baſhful fifteen,
Regard the bleſt truth of my diction;
When you meet with a man, whom no artifice ſcreen,
Be compliant, and yield without fiction.
You'll ſoon be convinc'd, from the conjugal rights,
Of thoſe raptures which ſoften contention,
That 'tis folly to ſtay, when the union invites,
And but jealouſy ſeeks your prevention.

SONG.

NOW blooms the fragrant moſſy roſe,
The pride of Flora's train:
And thyme with aromatic ſweets,
Perfumes each verdant plain;

The flocks are bleating white as ſnow,
The ruſtics ſkip and play,
With mirth and glee, to merry merry be,
Upon the ſhepherd's holliday.

In May-day ſuits and chaplets gay,
The villagers repair,
Where innocence provides the feaſt,
And welcome is the fare.
The farmers joke, the laſſes ſing,
The ſhearers tune their lay,
While mirth abounds, and muſic ſounds,
To hail the ſhepherd's holiday.

SONG.

YE ſons of Philanthropy join'd
By friendſhip's celeſtial ſway;
To-night lets to mirth be confin'd,
To crown the amuſements of day.

Let ambitious uſurpers at Court,
Their myſtical notions purſue;
Such danglers are mockery's ſport,
While Kings to our precepts are true.

Crowns, Sceptres, and nobles agree,
In our art there is nought but what's good;
Whose bounteous extension is free,
To all, where its right understood.

The world is a spy on our actions,
To fathom the depth of our plan;
But in spite of their different factions,
They find they're deceived to a man.

The smile of each fair blindeth love,
Whose connections are staunch to the cause;
For Bacchus and Venus they'll prove,
Conjoin with masonical laws.

Thus united lets circle each glass,
With this sentiment finish the even:
May our orders on earth ever pass,
Then return them untainted to HEAVEN.

ON THE LOSS OF A SWEETHEART.

ADIEU, to the sweets of delight,
No more shall I happiness see;
No pleasure, by day or by night,
Ever more is allotted for me.

Oh! death! how unkind to deplore!
How could you ſo cruelly prove?
To deprive me of all I adore,
And bereave me of all that I love.

Could I keep or diſcloſe what I feel,
From the pang that's ſuſtained in my breaſt,
I ſhould hide more than man can conceal,
Or expreſs more than tongue e'er expreſs'd.

No more from thoſe lips ſhall I hear;
No more from thoſe eyes ſhall I ſee;
That muſic ſo charm'd to my ear,
That beauty once gazing on me.

If virtue's deſerving applauſe!
Ye gods! let it flow from my tongue!
Of complaint, did ſhe know the leaſt cauſe,
Her mind would with torture be wrung.

Tho' diſtreſs on my mind now is brought,
More than wealth is reſerv'd ſtill for me,
And that wealth's in the joy of one thought,
And that thought, my dear Mary's on thee.

SONG

SONG.

'TIS the wiſh of my heart in a tavern to die,
My exit to make o'er a full-flowing bowl;
That the angels may ſing, when they meet me on high,
Ye gods be propitious to this jolly ſoul.

Wine alone can revive the dim lamp of the mind,
When moiſten'd by nectar, our thoughts ſeem divine;
What rays more enchanting, what delight's more refin'd,
Than that Bacchus inſpires with the juice of his vine.

From birth each diſplays a diſtinguiſhing feature;
I've ſurely been form'd of a well-moiſten'd clay;
When empty, I'm weak, a poor daſtardly creature;
I'd ſooner meet death than bear thirſt for a day.

When repleniſh'd with wine, how ſublime is my muſe,
By hunger purſued, I invoke her in vain;
To bleſs a ſtarv'd poet, ſhe'll firmly refuſe,
But when mellow I woo her, ſhe favours my ſtrain.

While the thirſt of my ſoul unſated remains,
With raptures prophetic I ne'er can be fir'd;
Let the gay god of wine fix his ſeat in my brain,
When cheriſh'd by fancy, my ſong ſeems inſpir'd.

CELEBRATION OF LIBERTY.

MR. FOX'S ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

Tune—"*To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

YE ſtaunch ſons of Britain, who at Bacchus's vine,
Are aſſembled to celebrate liberty's cauſe,
With ſpirits unclouded its juice ſhall combine,
To brighten the luſtre which gains your applauſe.
Then boldly purſue, my lads of true blue,
In defence of your franchiſe, be firm, fix'd and true;
Bright Fame to your honours, on records divine,
Shall memento your union on Pallas's ſhrine.

Let the fawning dull courtier's ſtill ſpeak as they're taught,
And by art, independency ſtrive to ſubdue;
But their ſovereign (corruption) tho' with bribery fraught,
Muſt fall a baſe victim, ye patriots to you.
Then boldly, &c.

For the gifts of fair freedom are the rights of mankind,
Which the donor, kind goddeſs, declares from above;
Then my boys take the hint, as ſhe whiſpers her mind,
And enforce your juſt claim by an edict from Jove.
Then boldly, &c.

For electional merit may old Weſtminſter's plan,
Be the guide to poſterity's diction and care;
Whoſe citizens prov'd ſince its conteſt began,
That their rights they'll defend come attack them who [dare.
Then boldly, &c.

As

As ſucceſs ſtill depends on unanimity's ſort,
May the ſons of old Albion ne'er want its defence;
Nor this city depriv'd by thoſe venals at Court,
Of a Fox, friends and freedom ten thouſand years hence.
Then boldly, &c.

SONG.

'TOTHER night I took a ramble about St. James's park,
To my fal lal la, lal de raddle lal de la;
When I heard a pretty ſtory, while I was in the dark,
To my fal lal la, lal de raddle lal de la.

'Twas underneath a window, my back againſt a tree,
To my fal, &c.
Where I heard in high debate, Sir, the Ladies Coterie.
To my fal, &c.

Now a ſprightly dame advancing, her tale ſhe did begin,
To my fal, &c.
That how ſhe lov'd her Billy, and thought him juſt the
To my fal, &c. [thing.

Regardleſs of the ſcandal in all the Courtly routs,
To my fal, &c.
That he has nothing more than he had when in his clouts,
To my fal, &c.

Determin'd

Determin'd to be ſatisfied, I fix'd upon a plan,
To my fal, &c.
Which being well concerted, I cloſeted my man,
To my fal, &c.

Where a ſopha was provided, on which I lay inclin'd,
To my fal, &c.
For him to ſeize the moment, and do as he'd a mind,
To my fal, &c.

I preſs'd him to my boſom, and did all in my power,
To my fal, &c.
And laid in wanton tranſport three quarters of an hour,
To my fal, &c.

While fluttering he teaz'd me, exerting all his ſkill,
To my fal, &c.
But to my diſappointment, his feather had no quill,
To my fal, &c.

I jump'd up in a paſſion, and left him in diſgrace,
To my fal, &c.
So I'm a maid of honour, and he's a fool in place,
To my fal, &c.

So the ladies all concluded the thing was only fit,
To my fal, &c.
For to lead foul apes in hell, ſo they finiſhed B—l—y P—t,
To my fal, &c.

SONG

SONG.

ADIEU to Old England, I bid you farewell,
To operas and plays, to the park and the mall;
Unwilling I own, from thoſe pleaſures to part,
Had I but my fair, it would ſoften the ſmart.
Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

From Britain's ſweet girls, I muſt now take my leave,
To Africa's dark dames, for the future a ſlave;
Hard fortune indeed, moſt unkind and uncivil,
From ſerving thoſe angels, muſt now ſerve the devil.
Derry down, &c.

From muſic's ſweet charms, and from Handle's ſoft notes,
To the boatſwain's ſhrill pipe, and the ſailors loud throats;
Inſtead of a ſong there's belay that my ſouls,
Then all hands aloft, damn the ſhip how ſhe rolls.
Derry down, &c.

From meadows and grottos, and ſoft murm'ring rills,
From the Thames ſhady walks, and from Richmond's ſweet hills,
To ſix feet of plank, which on board is call'd mine,
I muſt lie the whole day, broiling under the line.
Derry down, &c.

From friends and acquaintance, dear women and tea,
To biſcuit, ſalt beef, and bad water at ſea;

But fortune will make ſome amends for our ſorrow,
If we're wretched to-day, we'll be happy to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

Then ſince 'tis decreed by our fate to be ſo,
That to Africa's hot coaſt we for venture muſt go;
Like hero's ſo brave with Miſs Fortune we'll cope,
Till her mother we've ſeiz'd in the Cape of Good Hope.
Derry down, &c.

SONG.

WHEN the ſweet warbling notes of the lark,
Awakens the dawn of the morn;
How charming the ſight to behold,
Bright Aurora peep over the lawn:
While the ſoft fanning zephyrs of ſpring,
Gently glide o'er the brook and the mead;
Each high-nodding tree rous'd from ſlumber,
Its foilage of green chearful ſpread.

Endow'd with the bleſſings of health,
The bright beauties of nature I view;
Nor covet the miſer his wealth,
But the treaſures my proſpects renew.

'Tis

'Tis my wiſh here to ſpend all my days,
With a fair one that's lovely and kind;
Enough then for me, is her praiſe,
Care and trouble I caſt to the wind.

Thus united, through life let me paſs,
With enough to enjoy but my friend;
All the reſt, like an emblem in glaſs,
Are but follies to view without end.
Then adieu to the ſports of the crowd,
And all the gay ſcenes of the throng;
'Tis my pleaſures delight to be proud,
Of the theme that's combin'd in my ſong.

SONG.

WHEN hoary froſts in winter ſeen,
Diſrobe the flowery mead;
The trees they loſe their verdant green,
And nature's looks decay'd.

So 'tis with you, ye gentle fair,
Deſign'd by heaven above,
To ſooth the mind, and ſweeten care,
Of man your fondeſt love.

When past the zenith of your prime,
The rose and lilies fly,
Your face will faded be by time,
Then wither, droop, and die.

Then haste, in time embrace the hour,
Let Hymen fix the band;
E'er 'tis too late you'll loose the power,
Your beauty do command.

———

SONG.

HAVE you heard of the news late come from Guildhall,
If not, be attentive, and hear it you shall;
T—m P—ne has been try'd, and found guilty, 'tis said,
Of a libel, a thing which he never yet made.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

But if right, or if wrong, 'tis no matter the cause,
When accusers are Judges, and pack'd jurors give laws;
For the fact is too true, now deny it who can,
He was cast and condemn'd 'fore his trial began.
Derry down, &c.

But from wisdom of day-book, and knowledge of ledger,
With an Alderman's graveness, and keenness together;
Oh! who can dispute when a verdict they give,
When on special affairs, sure there's none disbelieve?
Derry down, &c.

But

But for liberty's cauſe, and your honour unite,
To defend your own franchiſe, you'll prove what is right;
For this edict's from Jove, now deny it who can,
That man was born free, *ſo be free* to a man.
Derry down, &c.

SONG.

WHERE gently winds the murm'ring rill,
And ſporting zephyrs play;
Each little bird diſtends its throat,
In harmonizing lay.
Young Colin met me near the grove,
To tell his mind ſincere;
While I his artleſs tale reclaim'd,
Love nail'd my liſt'ning ear.

He led me round the moſſy bank,
Where ſhepherds wont to rove;
There preſs'd me o'er and o'er again,
To bleſs him with my love;
'Gainſt ſtrains ſo ſweet, my fault'ring tongue,
No longer could conteſt,
So ſtraight to Hymen's altar went,
And made my Colin bleſt.

SONG

SONG.

NOW night her duſky mantle furles
The larks are ſoaring high;
And morn her golden ſhafts have ſhot,
To gild the eaſtern ſky;
We ſportſmen ſcower the diſtant plains,
The hounds purſue their prey;
While echos round the vallies ſound,
Hark forward, hark away.

O'er mountains top, and rivers deep,
The fox for ſhelter flies,
And caverns in the coverts ſtrong,
His cunning vainly tries;
His death proclaims the ſportſman's joy,
The dogs they ſeize their prey;
While echos round the vallies ſound,
Hark forward, hark away.

SONG.

YE ſocial friends together met,
Leave off dull care and thinking;
Puſh round the glaſs, briſk let it paſs,
The time is now for drinking:

A bum-

A bumper to your lips then charge,
Here's freedom without meaſure;
Spontaneous wit ſhall fancy hit,
To fill this night with pleaſure.
Harmonic ſouls, when fill'd with wine,
The Gods on earth reſemble;
The glaſſes chime, was ſo ſublime,
It made Apollo tremble;
At which the God a Council call'd,
When Jove he made this motion,
That no longer they, in clouds would ſtay,
Nor Neptune in the ocean.

Thus Gods with men determin'd were,
To mix on earth together;
For wine and love, there's nought above,
Can equal theſe for pleaſure;
For ſpark'ling wine, and flowing bowls,
The lamp of light ſtill brightens;
Its ſplendid orbs, all ills abſorbs,
And eloquence enlightens.

Let buſy curious idle fools,
Enjoy their dull exceſſes;
Nor envy not, the miſer's lot,
While we enjoy our bliſſes.
Then let this night reſound with mirth,
Both men and gods agreed, Sir;
When Jove he ſwore, one bottle more
He'd have, or not be free, Sir.

Then

Then ſhrill reſounds the clat'ring bell,
While waiters they were ſnoring:
But quick as thought, the landlord brought,
A dozen more, tho' morning;
When Jove declar'd he'd ſee them out,
They join'd him in opinion;
And then repair to ſome kind fair,
To crown the happy union.

THE LASS OF THE VILLAGE.

NOW blooming in youth,
Beauty's triumph to view,
Fair Emma of humble deſcent;
I have been to the cot,
Where I ſaw the ſweet maid,
Which alarm'd my fond boſom's content.
Impatient with honor (her virtues command)
I candidly offer'd the fair one my hand.

The Court's high degree,
Embelliſh'd by art,
In ſplendour leſs ſplendid appear;
When I view the ſweet laſs,
Of the villager's cot,
Who in luſtre outſhines through the year.
Impatient with honor, (her virtues command)
I preſs'd the dear maid to accept of my hand.

With

With transport I fly,
To the rapturous spot,
Since she deigns for to grant my request;
And all the gay throng,
That's surrounded with wiles,
For my love now I quit to be blest.
No longer impatient, (her virtues command)
I'll be true, my dear girl, since you've granted your hand.

SONG.

Tune—"*Lango-lee.*"

I AM a tight lad; oh! the Ladies can tell ye,
And care not who know it, or hear what I say;
I like a sweet wench, with a well f——r'd b——y,
Who loves her gig bother'd, by night or by day.
If handsome the better, but sprightly she must be,
With mirth and good humour, and wit at her will,
That when I lay hold of—as quick as quick can be,
She'll lose modest doubts to give freedom its fill.

The sly wanton jade, who subdues her intention,
Is not worth my while to pursue or obtain;
Her thoughts are too full of the snares of invention,
For me to perplex but one moment my brain;

Then give me the fair who ne'er dream'd to be knowing,
With the freedom of fancy, and blithe as a lark,
That in the ſoft moment, when raptures are flowing,
She'll catch like freſh tinder, and deluge the ſpark.

On the boſom of fondneſs, how ſweet the indulgence,
When paſſion's work'd up to its higheſt degree;
To the fire of love, it gives double refulgence,
When the fair one is kind, and deſires are free:
Thus let me enjoy but the length of my tether,
Go the world well, or ill, 'tis the ſame thing to me;
Old Care, and his crew, may in hell jump together,
While I've but my bottle, and laſs on my knee.

To indulge my deſires each day is my ſtudy,
And crown the bleſt thought ev'ry night that I reſt,
With the black, brown, or fair, 'tis no matter if ruddy,
Tho' ſhe catch but my fancy, and I am but bleſt.
With eaſe and tranquillity, thus will I glide on,
O'er life's ſmoothest path, ſo delightful to rove,
That when come to the end, you may ſay now there lies
Who liv'd, and who died, but for wine and for love.

SONG

SONG.

THE ſable clad curtain's undrawn,
The lark ſweetly carols on high,
Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
See the ſun-beams are gilding the ſky.
While the huntſman unkennels the hounds,
The horn winds a tedious delay;
And the heart of each ſportſman elated rebounds,
In expecting the ſummons for hark, hark away.

Now to covert we ſtretch o'er the ground,
Near yon clifts, which hangs over the lees;
See the dogs twiſt in mazes around,
Catch the ſcent from each freſh-blowing breeze.
Up the mountains they rally full ſpeed;
That's good, my boys, make no delay;
Nor hedges or ditches ſhall ever impede,
While the muſical din ſounds with hark, hark away.

Old Reynard has gave us the ſlip,
To the woodlands they daſh in full cry:
Hark! how rattles the crack of each whip,
While the hounds rend in chorus the ſky.
But no longer in covert he finds,
There is refuge or ſafety to ſtay,
But over the plain as he cuts through the wind,
Bids an open defiance to hark, hark away.

But in ſpite of thoſe efforts he tries,
A view hollow now reaches his ear:
See his bruſh drops with languid ſurprize,
Death's alarm ſtriketh terror and fear.
'Tis in vain that he ſtrives to ſupport
His life; the dogs ſeize as their prey,
While the death of the game gives freſh life to the ſport,
The echo rechoes with hark, hark away.

Now for liberty hall we repair,
To repleniſh the joys of the field,
Where good humour combines with the fare,
And the wife ſmiles obedience to yield;
While the bottle and bowl doth unite,
To vie with the ſports of the day;
Let bumpers go round to the ſportſmans' delight,
Then with love crown the chorus, of hark, hark away.

SONG.

Tune—"*God ſave the King.*"

GOD ſave Great Britain's Iſle,
Send her foes in exile,
God ſave this Iſle.

May thoſe who brought poverty,
Into this land to be,
Soon ſwing on Tyburn tree,
God ſave this Iſle.

CHORUS.

God ſave, &c.

We talk about routs and ſcouts,
And of the Ins and Outs,
Both great and ſmall;
What are they? this is true!
Men of the blackeſt hue,
Infamy's boaſted crew,
Down may they fall.

God ſave, &c.

Liberty is our right,
Freedom is in deſpite
Tyranny's foe.
Then be true to your cauſe,
Tell him 'tis Nature's laws,
Into Deſtruction's jaws,
Down he muſt go.

God ſave, &c.

How ſweet muſt the ſight appear,
Where Freedom's head doth rear,
Who long was dead.

May he extend his right,
And deſpots put to flight,
That we may re-unite,
Happineſs fled.
God ſave, &c.

The time it is near at hand,
Pittatio's at a ſtand,
And things look queer.
Down may his ſchemes ſtill fall,
That from oppreſſion's call,
We may be one and all,
Free the next year.
God ſave, &c

This juſt neceſſary war,
Quoth Bill, I'm provided for.
What, what, what, what then?
Whilſt money'd men can be found,
You ſtill ſhall keep your ground,
Tho' the ſwines growl around,
You cry, Amen,
God ſave, &c.

SONG

SONG.

MY friend, if you marry, pray chooſe out a mate,
Not too far exalted, or of too mean a ſtate;
For in both theſe exceſſes you'll certainly find,
A dull creeping ſpirit, or too haughty a mind.

She that moves in the middling region ſtill ſhares,
The leaſt of diſquiets, and ſmalleſt of cares;
But if her extraction with brilliancy ſhine,
Tho' ſomething the brighter, not too bright for thine.

With a genteel tuition, but not very great,
Neither inferior, nor above your own ſtate;
But let her have wit; and that wit be quite free,
From affectation and pride, as from dull pedantry.

For the effect of the wit of a woman is ſuch,
That too little's as bad, as her having too much;
Her humour to chiefly, let cloſe in with thine,
Unleſs to a fault you're too apt to incline.

For the leaſt of diſparity ever deſtroys,
Like ſulph'rous blaſts, the buds of true joys:
Let her perſon be lovely, ſtraight, and quite free
From the natural chance of deformity.

Take care that her age is ſcarce equal to thine,
For when woman's paſt vigour ſhe ſoon will decline.
Let her fortune be competent, and if thy ſight
Can reach ſo far, be ſure gather it right.

Should

Should thine be ſufficient, then her's may be leſs;
But do not aſpire to riches in exceſs;
For that in our lives, which delightful will prove,
Is genteel ſufficiency, crown'd with true love.

SONG.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many, and many a year;
And thoſe are three plagues one would think quite enough
For any mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt;
And though I have ſtruggled, and ſtruggled and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.
There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain:
'Twill pay all I owe,
And remove me from woe;
And my miſtreſs that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me amain;
Then I'll fall to loving, and drinking again.

SONG

SONG.

WHEN Sternhold and Hopkins tranſlated the Pſalms,
That the Church and the State might in metre combine;
No wonder how much they were troubled with qualms,
When folly for ſenſe became reaſon divine.

Such gingling rhymes, unconnected with ſenſe,
No mortal of reaſon e'er heard of before;
Laid down as a maxim, for all ages hence,
To be chanted by choriſters all the world o'er.

So diſturb'd is the church by this troubleſome ſet,
Who ſing in grimace a moſt horrible ſound,
That it puts the collected quite into a pet,
And ſome into ſlumber, while others laugh round.

'Tis true it has anſwer'd ſome purpoſe for praiſe,
Which Hogarth confeſs'd by his droll exhibition;
For the choriſters viſſages, bawling their lays,
Brought him griſt to his mill, and his fame in ambition.

Could David but know how his works are deform'd,
Tho' long is the time ſince from life 'tis he fled;
He'd rouſe from his ſlumber, as wak'd by a ſtorm,
And rave like a madman, tho' ſprung from the dead.

HIS G—CE OF CH—D—S AND SIR W. H—LL—N.

THE times are grown ſtrange, things appear very lame,
For in Winton's old city, diſgrace is turn'd fame:
All thoſe antient good cuſtoms of Aldermens fare,
Is now barter'd for pelf, ſince his G—ce is turn'd Mayor.

Not long ſince poor Ch—ch—ll was hang'd we all know,
For a trick that he play'd, t' which his G—ce is no foe;
Or elſe he's bely'd, and that lye's keeping pace,
For Will. H—ll—n they ſay, ſucceeds him in place.

The K—g's narrow eſcape from a mad woman's pet,
Was a fortunate thing for the titled-rac'd ſet;
For the Deputy Mayor from this city poſt haſted,
With Addreſs to be Knighted, no time muſt be waſted.

Sir W—m returned with his title well pleas'd,
His patron careſs'd him, his mind being eas'd;
For laymens embraces his G—ce 'gan to ſlight,
And determin'd in future to gage but a Knight.

Having gain'd his deſire, he now ſits at eaſe,
With his Knight at his elbow to do as they pleaſe.
You may gueſs what I mean, tho' a comical farce,
If not view the tool, and you'll ſee by his a—ſe.

THE

THE C—P—R—TN OF LN—D—N.

'TOTHER day as I paſs'd through the city for Kew,
In the midſt of Cheapſide a ſtrange group came in view;
Who in tawdry proceſſion repair'd to Guildhall,
Where his manuſcript ſpeech each was eager to bawl.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

There was Alderman Dripping, and Alderman Draper,
With Alderman Soper, and Alderman Paper;
With a great many more who ſupported the chair,
Which was fill'd (as they ſay) by his Honor the Mayor,
Derry down, &c.

His Lordſhip roſe up, like Guildhall giants ſtiff,
And begg'd their attention, for he ſeem'd in a miff;
Then gravely proceeded to open the cauſe,
With, as how—as I ſay—he then hems and haws.
Derry down, &c.

Sir Deputy Doolittle ſtarted up next,
But forgot what to ſay, having miſlaid his text;
But he thought of his *wife*, who had juſt took an airing,
And declar'd *'twas all wrong*, for ſuch work there's no bearing.
Derry down, &c.

The ſoup-ſeller next, of the Addreſſing kind,
Who for ſake of a guinea, would ſtarve all mankind;
In haranguing the Court, loudly call'd out to order,
For he ſmell'd a great ſtink, and ſo did the Recorder,
Derry down, &c.

Thus theſe wiſe-acre cits are in Council collected,
With heads that contain nought but what is affected;
But with gravity's face, like the ſham auction makers,
All boldly declared to look ſharp after bakers.
Derry down, &c.

The buſineſs being ſettled, the Court then adjourn'd,
And the wiſe heads in haſte to their dinner return'd;
Where they eat, and they drink, till they ſleep and they ſnore,
While their wives they ſlip out to — but you knew that before.
Derry down, &c.

MR. H—S—T—GS.

A PARODY ON FAL DE RAL TIT.

WHEN firſt to India I did go,
The Directors choice you very well know,
I car'd not for either friend or foe,
And I ſung fal de ral tit.

As ſoon as ever I did land,
I drew my ſword, and took the command,
And made them all tremble that were at hand,
And I ſung fal de ral tit.

The Nabobs shortly began for to scour,
For some I put in, and some put out,
Which put them all in a damnable rout,
And I sung sal de ral tit.

There was none through love, but all through fear,
One brib'd me there, and another here;
So I got but their pelf I did not fear,
And I sung sal de ral tit.

But now I'll to old England again,
So that you may no longer in terror remain,
For I am well pleas'd with my plunder'd gain,
And I'll sing sal de ral tit.

On my native shore once more I ride,
And presents I make my crimes to hide,
Yet my cursed thoughts I can't abide,
Tho' I sing sal de ral tit.

For the House of Commons have found me out,
And matters I feel is coming about,
Then how to come off puts me to the rout,
I can't sing sal de ral tit.

What a figure I cut amongst them all,
For some looks big, and some looks small;
But that damn'd B—ke is the worst of them all,
I can't sing sal de ral tit.

Now

Now being impeach'd I'm drag'd to the Lords,
Where conviction I feel by all their words;
Oh! I wish I'd been ſtab'd by ten thouſand ſwords,
'Fore I'd ſang ſal de ral tit.

All you who in future do go out,
To take the command of the very ſame rout,
Let this be a warning what you're about,
Then you may ſing ſal de ral tit.

SONG.

YE beef-eating blades, and the reſt your comrades,
Prithee leave off your wrangling and ſport;
To your arms then in haſte, for there's no time to waſte,
And make ready to guard well the Court.
For as they all ſay, on the laſt feſtive day,
A ſtrange thing pop'd out, though by chance;
Which was not in the news, but the town did amuſe;
Nay, they ſay it was heard of in France.

Some privates and peers, of both houſes we hear,
And people in general of faſhion;
The train-bands in full dreſs, thither had free acceſs,
To attend on the grand Corporation.

In

In the time that in ſtate Lady Mayoreſs was ſat,
With a princely dreſs'd dame along ſide her;
A f—t there was heard, which the company ſear'd,
Was a gun, but reported much louder.

Its irreverend ſound, made them all ſtare around,
And each countenance 'gan for to low'r;
While judgment thereon, ſaid it ſurely was done,
To affront their ſupreme right and power.

The Chaplain in place, who had juſt finiſh'd grace,
And ſlily behind had withdrawn,
Was quickly call'd back, to know if the crack
Came from him, or his Lordſhip in lawn.

For juſt by the chair, ſome fat Biſhops there were,
Which the wits of the age feign would ſpatter;
Who ſcrew'd up a look, would have ſworn on a book,
That the clergy knew nought of the matter.

But that they'd not ſwear, as ſome parties were there,
Both of High Church as well as the Low;
Who through zeal and health, for the good of the wealth,
Might begin with their bagpipes to blow.

At which ſoon as heard, the Lord C— ſtrok'd his beard,
And declar'd 'twas too ſerious a jeſter;
Tho' of ſome he ne'er knew, he would vouch for two,
That's himſelf, and the Biſhop of R—cheſter.

For

For the Doctor's well bred, 'tis clear, when he ſaid,
That the ſwines had of laws nought to do,
Only to obey, and their taxes well pay,
When call'd on's enough, and more too.

They on 'tother ſide accuſed too, denied,
And call'd a Law Lord to their caſe;
That they'd no intent to affront, tho' the ſcent
Seem'd to come very near from their place.

A ſtar-garter'd Peer, next of cenſure did fear,
Who, for all that his looks run ſo high;
And carries ſo great on, intrigues of the State,
Yet he might in confuſion let fly.

Who all in a heat, ſaid in pettiſh debate,
From each ſex it might eaſily be;
And prov'd I declare, that ſome Dutcheſſes there,
Were as likely to do it as he.

The colour then roſe, 'mongſt the fair furbelows
Of Honour, but moſt of them wives;
Who declar'd on their rep, that they never let ſlip,
Or did ſuch a thing in their lives.

But the giggling rout, that was laughing about,
Who doubtleſs are ſcandalous jades;
To ſave their own fame, declar'd 'twas a ſhame,
And ſo fix'd it upon the poor maids.

They all drown'd in tears, charg'd the ladies in years;
To tell truth of this hedious roar;
With ſo culvering-like ſcent, from a rude f—d—t,
Could conſiſt with a virgin's ſmall b—e.

Who all anſwered no! but diſputes running ſo,
They thought it high time for to reaſon;
And matters paſs off, with a joke or a laugh,
As they never could make it high treaſon.

So the jeſt turning faſt, they agreed it at laſt,
That none ever yet durſt to preſume;
And the noiſe that was heard, was from yeoman or guard,
Who brought diſhes in the next room.

But whether 'twas chance, or real impudence,
There's none but the owner can tell;
As the matter was ſham'd, and the beef-eater blam'd,
The Court (God be prais'd) fix'd it well.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING SONG.

YE nobles of ſtate, whom the Commons on wait,
To adjuſt a great cauſe of this nation;
Prepare to ſet right, a poor beef-eater's plight,
Whoſe wrongs gives him cruel vexation.

Thoſe jarrings I know, caus'd betwixt friend and foe,
Does your much valued hours engroſs;
But mine's ſuch a caſe, that I beg may take place,
As ſoon as the Speaker is choſe.

What tho' I'm no Lord, nor to Senates preferr'd,
Yet my privilege here I'll maintain;
As free-born of the land, you ſhall all underſtand,
What I here will undaunted explain.

The f—t you laſt heard, laid to one of the guard,
Which the Court did ſo lately ſurprize,
Is prov'd was not his, by his innocent phiz,
But a female's near his jolly ſize.

The thing came out ſtrange, at a houſe in the range,
Where there's excellent buildings each ſide;
'Tis near to the Mall, likewiſe Park and Canal,
Where two buxom young ladies reſide.

Related ſo near, it does plainly appear,
That they both from one bottom did come;
The one's ſlim and lean, as a garden french bean,
And the other as round as a drum.

The elder's ſweet fac'd, rather clumſy when lac'd,
If ſhe ſtoops, from behind makes a roar;
The younger's as frail, if ſhe laughs at a tale,
Cannot keep in her oozings before.

Strange quarrels enſu'd, by each ſiſter renew'd,
From the inſults of mockery's ſport;
For the youngeſt well knew, 'twas her ſiſter that blew
The late blaſt, when preſented at Court!

But letting that go, as winds paſs to and fro,
Fate ſoon made the cauſe appear plain,
By a viſit they made, to a haughty Court jade,
Whoſe page held the elder one's train.

When arriv'd at the gate, both the ſiſters ſhe met,
Bowing low with her back-bone and rump;
She gave a ſalute, the firſt ſiſter to do't,
Prov'd the fact ſhe was looſe in the rump.

This unfortunate noiſe, made the younger rejoice,
As nothing more pleaſing could come;
With a laugh ſcrew'd ſo high, ſhe was ready to die,
As ſhe followed her into the room.

But oh! diſmal lot, her own caſe ſhe forgot!
The defect that ſhe had in her ſluices;
For in ſpite of her knees, tho' ſhe gave ſuch a ſqueeze,
She could not ſecure her juices.

The dame of the rout, looking ſtrangely about,
From paſſion could ſcarcely refrain;
As ſeeing what dropp'd, was not eaſily mopp'd,
Being mixed with a ſtercor humane.

Then with gravity prun'd, to inform them prefum'd,
How the nymphs were provided of yore;
Who were cleanly inclin'd, uſed a cork for behind,
And a ſponge for the cranny before.

Come Hunter, come Jeb, come Ford, who's ſo glib,
And endeavour to ſtop this ſad clatter;
Should your ſkill prove in vain, ſend occult Doctor Graham,
Deeply read in this myſtical matter.

The ſecrets diſplay, manage both private ways—
Don't miſtake me—I mean not for ſport;
For ſhe that doth trump, through defect in her rump,
Never more ſhould appear at the Court,

And ſhe that is found, to be leaky tho' ſound,
Each night filling full two white pots;
May no more with a gurch, that has oft made her lurch,
Deck the room with her true lover's knots.

SONG.

COME, my brave boys, let's away to the downs,
The huntſman is gone juſt before with the hounds;
The Sun's juſt return'd from his laſt night's nap,
And ſhaking his ears in Thetis's lap.
Now, my brave boys, prepare for the joys,
Which far excells the delights of lobby rangers;
For this is the ſport, to which we reſort,
Without any fear of meeting death or dangers.

The Goddeſs of the woods, and all her ſporting train,
Have taken the field to purſue it amain:
The fox have broke covert, the burſt's echo reſounds,
Nor rock, hedge, or ditch, ſhall impede the ſtaunch hounds;
While the dull ſtupid fool is playing the fool,
In courting his laſs, with his ſighs and his tears, Sir;
We'll hunt all the day, at night ſport and play,
Yet we'll outlive him by many long years, boys.

Hark! thunder inſures us the ſcent is very good,
And Merryman has cry'd it quite thorough the wood;
Drunkard he doubles, he's certainly gone,
See yonder they ſcour it, quite over the lawn.
Hark! hark away! hark! gone away!
That's good, my lads; get on yon great blockhead!
Thunder there! hark! hark! Comely, hark!
That's good, my lads; hark! to Juno and Rockwood.

Old

Old Belman's a head, they purſue him ſo ſtrong:
Bumper's in view, you may know by his tongue.
Hang that rogue Tatler, ſee how he flings;
Ah! Beauty there war wing, war wing:
Trueman have hit, he's gone through the pit;
That's good, my lads, ſtraight over the fallow:
The ſheep have ſtain'd the ground, then try the dogs around;
What the devil makes yonder footmen to hollow.

I prithee be quiet, don't make ſuch a rout,
But let them alone, and they'll ſoon make it out:
Bumper has the lead; pray do not ride ſo faſt,
They are hard at his brush, you may know by his caſt.
Make good a head, he's dead! dead! dead!
Look under your horſes, and ſee how he's tearing,
With a hoop, war hoop, hoop, war hoop!
See yonder they come, my boys, quite out of hearing.
Come, my brave boys, we've had excellent ſport,
Let's now to the hall of old Liberty's court,
Where ſportſmen, by wives, never meet with controul,
Nor ſpirits exhaulted for want of a bowl.
Then bumper each glaſs, round let it paſs;
Here's to each jolly fellow that ſees out the night, Sir,
Who when from his bed, tho' the fumes are in his head,
Will riſe in the morn again, ſoon as 'tis light, Sir.

SONG

SONG.

WHEN a Council was held at Anacreon's feaſt,
To declaim on each theſis of love, wit and wine;
Minerva propos'd to give humour its zeſt,
And they all did agree in convoking the Nine.
The Muſes advanc'd, as their nectar they ſip'd,
And approv'd of this eloquent thought as they paſs'd;
That each of the juice take a bumper well tip'd,
For the fountain of wit was ſupply'd by the glaſs.

Apollo rehears'd, where Minerva but glanc'd,
And tun'd up his lyre to give it a glee;
For wit, he declar'd, when with muſic advanc'd,
Was the touch-ſtone from whence attic fire flew free.
He hail'd the bright juice with a ſimp'ring ſmile,
And prov'd to object was the theme of an aſs;
For 'tis harmony's ſort, nor can diſcord prevail,
While the fountain of mirth is ſupply'd by the glaſs.

The ruby-nos'd god who preſides on a butt,
With the ſtricteſt attention obſerv'd what was ſaid;
But he could not forbear bringing in a chaſte ſlut,
Whom wine, he obſerved, had diſrob'd of a maid.
Minerva, Apollo, dame Venus approv'd,
Nor did lapſing old age e'er repine at the taſk;
For he was ſure to attack either virgin or prude,
When his fountain of love was ſupply'd by the glaſs.

AN

AN ODE TO WINTER.

NOW bleakly blows the winter's wind,
And nipping froſt the blood doth chill;
Now ſick'ning nature lays reclin'd,
Nor can, as us'd, our wants fulfill.

No more the damaſk roſe is ſeen,
The lilly blanch'd, or violet blue;
The meadows now have loſt their green,
Diveſted of their varying hue.

The throſtle, or the blackbird's ſtrain,
No longer now ſolace the ear;
Arreſted by an icy chain,
No longer flows the rill ſo clear.

Pendant from yon cottage top,
Icicles hang in many a row;
Cold detains each falling drop,
And bids the current ceaſe to flow.

Now pattering rains deform the ſky,
And ſwelling clouds foreboding lower;
Now hail, now ſnow, by turns do fly,
Or mark conjoin'd their rigid pow'r.

Then let my ſong thy ſoftneſs move,
Each heart to hear the poor man's pray'r;
Let neighbours ſoft'ring fondeſt love,
With him ſuperfluous bleſſings ſhare.

So the beſt of beings grant,
(Time ſoon will cloſe life's wintry day)
Our only wiſh, our only want,
When ſouls unrobe and flee away.

SONG.

LET us laugh, let us drink, and be jolly,
Since now all the world is run mad,
Why die of the pip melancholy?
Or be like a methodiſt ſad?

Let us kick out all Court-tool employers,
With Midas, and each money-monger,
To the devil bequeath all our lawyers,
Who'd kill us with thirſt, or with hunger.

Thoſe flats, who by ſcraping and toiling,
Scarce allowing a ſhirt to their backs;
What get they by all their turmoiling,
But marks of additional tax?

While we that do traffic in boozing,
Defy both the gown and the ſword;
When drunk, we return for a ſnoozing,
And comprize all our deeds in a word.

Our money ſhall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Rufus's Hall;
Not Judges, or Jurors, ſhall fright us,
Nor a brow-beating Counſellor's bawl.

Then let us not care for to-morrow,
But tipple, and laugh while we may;
Good liquor will baniſh our ſorrow,
Nor leave any ſtains of the day.

Yon Mayor of the town with his ruff on;
What a pox is he better than we?
Tho' with cuſtards his guts he may ſtuff on,
We are doubtleſs more happy than he.

Then around let us circle the glaſs boys,
And haſte the next hogſhead to ſtave;
For when grim death ſends us to graſs, boys,
Not a drop ſhall we find in the grave.

For there's neither eating or drinking,
But ſilence doth cuſtody keep;
Locking up all the powers of thinking,
Under wards of mortality's ſleep.

When this happens to each merry fellow,
Who in tippling through life took delight,
Let us ſay they are gone to bed mellow,
To ſnooze out a tedious long night.

AN ODE TO SPRING,

NOW ſnow's diſſolv'd the meads look green,
The trees adorn'd with leaves are ſeen;
The froſt-bound ſoils now pliant grow,
And ſtreams releas'd meand'ring flow.

Now nature wreath'd in chaplets gay,
Doth various opening ſweets diſplay,
Knit in the choral dances, ſee
That wood nymph, fair Euphroſiny,

Whoſe tuneful note, can all things cheer,
And grateful make the circling year.
But ah! how ſoon! how quickly faſt
Are all thoſe fleeting pleaſures paſt.

Tho' wintry winds are bid diſband,
And colds, by balmy zephyrs fann'd,
The birds on many a hawthorn ſing,
And hail th' approach of breathing ſpring;

Yet ſpring, with fervid ſummer's heat,
To autumn ſoon muſt bid retreat;
And autumn, having hous'd her grain,
Reverts to wintry winds again.

Thus infants pauſe, and puerile plays,
And manhood fluſh'd with healthy days,
Are like the ſeaſons ever roll'd,
And creeping time confirms us old.

From youth to age we haſte away,
Our dream of life's a winter's day;
So ſoon grim death ſhuts up the ſcene;
We are, as if we ne'er had been.

Then ſince 'tis ſo, dear friend let's try,
By living well, the ſame to die,
So ſhall our end emit perfume,
And fragrant make the tainted tomb.

SONG.

TELL me no more that Delia's fair,
Hath heaven in her eye;
Or that her ſkin ſo richly rare,
Blanch'd lilies far outvie.

The

The bloom that in each cheek is ſet,
Rivals the bluſhing roſe;
Or that her locks ſurpaſs the jet,
Which raven's wing compoſe.
Or that an unharmonious voice,
Excells the tuneful ſpheres;
When all, perhaps, is but a noiſe,
And irkſome to our ears.

Theſe are but poor and paltry things,
Which moon-ſtruck lovers dream;
For ſhe who female virtue brings,
Moſt merits our eſteem.

From fleſh and blood I'll never ſtart,
But metaphors renounce;
Since all that poets there impart,
Is merely crack and bounce.

Why deck each ladies earthly frame?
Why rob the roſes bloom?
Why lilies loſe their pretty name,
Clarinda's to aſſume?

In ſhort, why not admire a face?
Nor meanly truth deny;
Why ſlobber o'er a varniſh'd grace?
By telling of a lie.

SONG

SONG.

Tune—"*Come then all ye Social Powers.*"

COME neighbours all, who wiſh to hear,
A knave by truth expoſed,
With ſtrict attention lend an ear,
To what is here diſcloſed.

CHORUS.

Be on your guard, take my advice,
The man is full of guile, Sir;
He ſign'd his own conviction twice,
The vileſt of the vile, Sir.

Yon L—d—ſy have a bankrupt been,
Beneath a falſe pretenſion:
He feign'd misfortune for a ſcreen,
To hide his baſe invention.
Be on your guard, &c.

The cuſtoms too he doth evade,
By perjury committing;
His candles oft by ſtealth are made,
Exciſemen thus outwitting.
Be on your guard, &c.

Of late he ſued for an aſſault,
When he himſelf 'twas gave it;
Then for to prove the youth's default,
He hired Nick Veſt to ſwear it.
Be on your guard, &c.

Like-

Likewiſe the caſh the Q—— has ſent,
To clothe his prentice yearly,
He's robb'd him of, for law, or ſpent
The major part, or nearly.
Be on your guard, &c.

Now to the gate of deep deſpair,
His conſcience is ſo driven,
That much he fears he ſhall cut there,
His throat, if not forgiven.
Be on your guard, &c.

So then he wrote unto the prieſt,
To pardon his falſe ſwearing;
Likewiſe confeſs'd, his crimes increas'd,
No hypocrite more glaring.
Be on your guard, &c.

But the Judge uprightly ſaw
His ſins were not abated,
So by their own religion's law,
He's excommunicated.
Be on your guard, &c.

Thus he deplor'd his latent crimes,
With ſeeming good conception,
Yet ſtill with fraud his art combines,
To double each deception.
Be on your guard, &c.

Now

Now to conclude, may fate decree,
(What time ſhall never alter)
Her mandate for a ſtanding tree,
To hang each rogue in a halter.
Be on your guard, &c.

SONG.

COME my lads be attentive to the truth of my ſtory,
'Tis of a Mr. Latitat who's canvaſſing before you;
But deception's in view, and I'll point out his plan,
How you, my worthy friends, 'tis he means to trepan.
Bow wow wow, loodle loodle, loodle loodle, bow wow wow.

He pronounc'd his intention by a public declaration,
But what was it for? any good of the nation?
No! his own turn to ſerve is what he has in view,
Which you my brother citizens will find out to be true.
Bow wow, &c.

He attack'd his opponent with libels about handing,
The groſſeſt of inſults upon your underſtanding;
A gingling doggrel rhyming, as far from ſenſe and merit,
As his *method* is from honor, from humanity, or credit.
Bow wow, &c.

Says

Says old Galen to Quildrive, your ſtrength try around, Sir,
If you find a majority, then I'll reſign my gown, Sir;
But ſince it is not ſo, and they've found out our intention,
I'll be *well* again, and *keep* my *gown*, to find a new inven-
Bow wow, &c. [tion.

The man I'd have you to chooſe, (there is none can con-
futo me):
Is whom you'll find a Juſtice, and attendant on his duty:
His name I need not mention, he's a member of the na-
tion,
And wiſhes you to keep him in your mem'ry's approba-
Bow wow, &c. [tion.

Then my friends come ye forward, and lucidate your
reaſon,
For to make a miſtake, 'would be almoſt as bad as treaſon;
Give your vote for this candidate, whenever there's election,
In him you'll find a friend, and the ward a good protection.
Bow wow, &c.

SONG.

BY A LADY.

YOU have aſk'd me, my friend, which of life's the beſt end,
And bid me the queſtion revolve;
But the point you muſt own, is ſo hard to be known,
It will take up ſome time to reſolve.

When the brisk glass goes round, and our spirits abound,
Say, what with the bottle can vie;
Ev'ry care is at rest, and our wishes possess'd,
For that all our wants will supply.

But the Sportsman wont yield the delights of the field,
When hallowing the vallies resound;
As he flies o'er the plain, while he pants in each vein,
He swears no such joy can be found.

When the lover hears this, he vows that his bliss
Dwells with her who possesses his heart;
That to live in her sight, is extatic delight,
But 'tis Death's cruel pang when they part.

Then in short, my dear friend, it must come to this end,
To each of those pleasures repair;
Take the Sportman's delight, let the bottle invite,
And crown both with the charms of the fair.

SONG.

I CAN'T for my life guess the cause of this fuss,
Why we're toasting the health of each high-titl'd Bel-
What's a Queen, or a Princess, or Duchess to us, [dam.
That we never once spoke to, and hear of but seldom?

Fill

Fill a bumper, my hoſt, and I'll give you a toaſt,
Which all have convers'd with, and every man knows;
Fill it up to the top, and drink every drop,
Here's *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

Your high-ſounding titles, that Kings can create,
Derive all their luſtre and worth from the donor;
But *Kate* can deſpiſe all ſuch mockery of ſtate,
For ſhe's in herſelf the true fountain of honour:
She fixes for life, the rank of the wife,
In her doth the huſband his honor repoſe;
She's a title ſo bright, all in her own right,
Here's *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

That Nobles were born the adviſers of Kings,
Is a maxim eſtabliſh'd in every free nation;
But ſince a juſt claim to that honor ſhe brings,
Whoſe rhetoric affected the Church reformation.
Tho' Charles lent his ears, to perry-wigg'd Peers,
Yet *Kate* was his Counſellor under the roſe;
She whiſper'd her mind, the Commons grew kind,
And drunk *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

That Peers on the trial of Peers are to ſit,
Is the higheſt diſtinction beyond all denial;
But *Kate*, tho' untitled by patent or writ,
Have brought ſine jure great Kings to a trial.

Content to wear horns, poor Wallace ſtill warms,
The judgment ſhe paſſes on impotent beaux;
So juſtly ſevere, may ſhe ever appear,
Here's *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

That nobles were ſentenc'd to die by the axe,
For a breach of allegiance, we all of us read it;
So *Kate* when the bands of decorum ſhe cracks,
Like a Queen, or a Princeſs, is always beheaded.
Great Kings without fees, will execute theſe,
When none but the hangman will meddle with thoſe;
Then ſince from the throne, ſuch a diff'rence is ſhewn,
Here's *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

Your wiſe-acre critics, who puzzle their brain,
How crowns and how coronets firſt came in faſhion;
One peep at *Kate* would have ſav'd all their pains,
For ſhe wore a coronet ſince the creation:
A title ſo old, ne'er barter'd for gold,
The whole Britiſh Peerage would vainly oppoſe;
Then let mother Eve, due homage receive,
Here's *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

So cheap is a title of honor now grown,
That all men of virtue and wiſdom diſdain it;
The Earldom of Glofmacanogue* is your own,
If your flexible honours will kneel to obtain it.

* An Iriſh term for ——

Peers

Peers are ſo unjuſt, no one you dare truſt,
Yet one wreath of beauty is ſafe from its foes;
For *Kate* ſhall be prin'd, where a Lord is deſpis'd;
So here's *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

Your ſtars and your garters, and ribbonds profuſe,
Your wide coats of armour which Hackball* can quarter;
Pray what is their ſplendour, or what is their uſe,
Compar'd to the ſtar that is over the garter?
That ſtar on the front, is an emblem of *Kate*,
On a lovely field argent crown'd ſable it grows;
And two Iriſh *ſticks*, as ſupporters we fix,
So here's *Kate* in a bumper wherever ſhe goes.

* King of the Beggars.

SONG.

WITHIN this bottle's to be ſeen,
A crimſon liquid that has been
Produc'd from the royal vine;
But we nick-name it when we call
It gods drink, who drink none at all,
No higher name than wine.

'Tis ladies liquor here one can
View all that feaſt the eyes of man,
With beauty and with taſte;
Cherries and roſes which you ſeek,
Upon your miſtreſs's lip and cheek,
Are here together plac'd.

Let Doctors ſtill preſcribe their whey,
Your brain to cool, and drive away
Foul matters from the blood;
That cures the one, ſometimes the other,
This routs by wholeſale altogether,
And drowns them in a flood.
This poets make, or how can I
Thus ramble into poetry;
Nay, and write ſonnets too.
If there's ſuch power in junior wines,
To make one venture upon lines,
What won't old Blackſtrap do?

Then drain the bottle, ſqueeze it out,
And cheerfully it paſs about,
Crown each hand with a brimmer;
Since we're to paſs through this red ſea,
Our noſes ſhall our pilots be,
And every ſoul a ſwimmer.

SONG

SONG.

TELL me no more of faces fair,
  Or lips and cheeks that's red;
Nor of the treſſes of their hair,
  How curls in orders laid:
Nor of a ſweet ſeraphic voice,
  Who like an Angel ſings;
Tho' if I were to take my choice,
  I would have all theſe things.
But if thou wilt have me to love,
  And it muſt be a ſhe,
The only argument I move
  Is, that ſhe will love me.

The glories which your ladies boaſt,
  Are metaphors of things;
And doth amount no more at moſt,
  Than a common object brings.
Roſes outvie their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteneſs ſtain;
What fool is he that ſhadows ſeeks,
  Who may the ſubſtance gain?
But if thou'lt have me court a laſs,
  Let it be one that's kind,
Or I'm reſolv'd to love the glaſs,
  By Godlike Bacchus lin'd.

SONG.

SINCE to love is a duty enacted by fate,
Sure none will thoſe laws diſapprove,
(Except ſnarling old age) who turns fondneſs to hate,
'Cauſe in her ſweet path he no longer can move.

And as wine is decreed by the ſame happy will,
To enliven the ſpirits of man;
Pray who can refuſe then from taking his fill,
When precepts we have ſince the world firſt began.

And as mirth is a boon to enliven the ſenſe,
To rouſe ſullen Reaſon when fir'd with wine:
So love has adopted her ſoft recompence,
To make the conjunction, oh! more than divine,

Then give me my mirth, then give me my wine,
Then my love to indulge my fond youth;
That each morn when I riſe I may never repine,
For neglecting thoſe duties thus founded on truth.

MEDLEY.

MEDLEY—A SONG.

A FARMER's young ſon, up to London would come,
To take a full view of the faſhions;
He thought himſelf witty, and fit for the city,
To pleaſe the young girls inclinations.
So he pack'd up his gold with courage ſo bold,
And ſtraight up to London came trudging;
And near to the Strand, with his hat in his hand,
He boldly enquir'd for a lodging.

As Kitty, beautiful and young,
Walk'd out to take the air,
Her tempting eyes and artful tongue,
Young Roger to enſnare.
Fond love prevail'd, Roger gave way,
To Kitty's heart's deſire;
Engag'd the youth awhile to ſtay,
And ſet his heart on fire.
Oh! then ſhe took him by the hand,
And led him to the door,
And when that he came there,
Was half a dozen more.
You'd laugh'd to've ſeen poor Roger
Gaze round him with ſurprize;
They appear'd to him like angels,
Deſcended from the ſkies.

Zounds! ſays young Roger as I am a man,
I'm ſo woundedly tir'd I ſcarcely can ſtan,
Forty long miles have I travell'd to-day,
To view London city that's gallant and gay;
But as you are a lady of ſo high a renown,
I ſhould think it an honor in ſpending a crown;
So Roger he pull'd out a purſe full of gold,
Which made Kitty ſmile with courage ſo bold.

My fond ſhepherd, that flaſh'd with his ſcly,
The fair nymphs were ſo happy to ſee,
A ſight ſo well pleaſing to each eye,
Come, ſweet Sir, ſit down on my knee.

Oh! that's a fine ſong ſweet ladies, ſaid he,
But I think it's a little too high learn'd for me;
So he fell faſt aſleep with his head on her breaſt,
When they ſack'd him, and tumbled him into a cheſt,

When midnight did appear, they all projected,
Says Miſs Kitty, the time is not now to be neglected;
So they convey'd the cheſt to Covent garden,
There left the poor cull to reſt without one farthing.
See how on poor Roger dame Fortune does frown,
You may now ſee the folly's in coming to town;
I that once was a farmer in the country did dwell,
Now here I'm confin'd cloſe in a dark cell.
Then beware jolly farmers, or you are to blame,
Leſt you, like poor Roger, are ſerved the ſame.

SONG.

Tune—"*Sweet Willy O!*"

The Sovereign of Nature is ſweet Whirley wha!
The Sovereign of Nature is ſweet Whirley wha!
When his ſceptre he rears,
He diſpels all our fears,
No courage inſpires us like ſweet Whirly wha!
Chorus—When his ſceptre, &c.

Every maiden's firſt wiſh is a ſweet Whirley wha!
Every maiden's firſt wiſh is a ſweet Whirley wha!
And who takes him in hand,
Can never withſtand,
The natural impulſe of ſweet Whirley wha!

A ſtaunch friend to the lawyer is ſweet Whirley wha!
A ſtaunch friend to the lawyer is ſweet Whirley wha!
For rapes and crim. con.
Would ceaſe going on,
If mankind were not govern'd by ſweet Whirley wha!

The parſons beſt patron is ſweet Whirley wha!
The parſons beſt patron is ſweet Whirley wha!
Tho' the Dowager's pretence
Was his morals and ſenſe,
Yet the living ſhe granted for his ſweet Whirley wha!

The ſoldier's beſt friend is his ſweet Whirley wha!
The ſoldier's beſt friend is his ſweet Whirley wha!
Had a Ducheſs in hand,
A ſtaff at command,
She'd exchange with an Enſign for his ſweet Whirley wha!

Let the Doctors grand noſtrum be ſweet Whirley wha!
Let the Doctors grand noſtrum be ſweet Whirley wha!
Maids, widows, and wives,
Would ſpend all their lives,
In extracting the eſſence of ſweet Whirley wha!

Ruſſia's Empreſs once long'd for a ſweet Whirley wha!
Ruſſia's Empreſs once long'd for a ſweet Whirley wha!
And ſwore wars ſhould not ceaſe,
For ſhe could have no peace,
Till ſhe took the Grand Turk by the ſweet Whirley wha!

THE END.

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